THE MEASURE
A JOURNAL OF POETRY

Cradling Wheat, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Poems by Wallace Stevens and Marie Luhrs – –

Reviews by Floyd Dell and Kathleen Millay – –

$2.50 by the Year – – – – – – – – Single Copies 25c

Editorial Office – – 449 West 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Published Monthly – – – – – – – – Cornwall, N. Y.

Number 42 – – – – – – – – – August, 1924

Entered as second-class matter February 4, 1924, at the post office at Cornwall, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1876

Contents

Poems	Page
Cradling Wheat. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood	3
Red Loves Kit. By Wallace Stevens	8
Ironical Piece. By Marie Luhrs	10
The Cool Hand. By Marie Luhrs	10
Foresters. By Marie Luhrs	11
Illusion. By Paul Sandoz	11
To My Lady the Universe. By R. L. Burgess	12

In Review

The Ficke Wing. By Floyd Dell	12
After Disillusion. By E. Merrill Root	13
The Glorious Age of Indiscretion. By Kathleen Millay	15

Contributors	19

The Measure

A Journal of Poetry

NUMBER 42 AUGUST, 1924

Cradling Wheat

THE horn, the horn, the harvest horn,
The horn, the horn—bedeviling the dawn!
Pitiless dawn just coming white. . . .
The horn, the devil in the horn, a snarling fiend
Dragging to life those heavy with sleep:
Tired limbs lying limp upon the hay.
Long bare table and the steaming bowls;
The level sun strikes through the hickory woods;
Across drenched meadows where slow chewing cows
Hold the night's dew upon their hairy coats
And sharp-hoofed colts run swift and kick,
Glad of the sunrise.

Emmanuel's gang lean on their cradles,
One ashen finger of tall Hannibal's
Neat spliced with well-waxed thread;
Guffaw and jest,
Clear ring of whetstone on steel blades,
And the west wind across the wheatfield. . . .

O Hercules, you now are black, your name Emmanuel,
Mighty your arms and crisp your curling hair,
Huge thewed your back and muscled deep, your loins.

Copyright, 1924, by the Editors

Your reapers show white laughing teeth,
And shining black breasts bare.
Come Hercules, lead. Lead your gang.
Into the wheat he strikes with a great bite
And one by one the black skinned phalanx steps in line—
Swinging each cradle in slow swaying rhythm,
Smiting the grain—while black Emmanuel sings.

"Swing your cradle, brother, like a man.
Swing your cradle like it was a tune.
Swing your cradle like a man—a man,
Des wait till noon.

"Swing low.
Swing slow.
Swing steady in de field.
Swing all togedder, brothers, like a tune;
De marster planted, but de Lord he give de yield,
Des wait till noon.

"De Lord is my shepherd and when I die
By de throne I'll sing a tune,
Fetch me home—Fetch me home—
O Lord up in de sky.
Don't wait till noon—"

And Big Phil breaks into a chant—
Grunting to mark each sharp-edged stroke
In rhythm to the cradle's swing:

"Ah-Ha—
Ah-Ha—
Look out for stones.
Ah-Ha—
Ah-Ha—
Look out for stones,

O de Lord is mighty
An he aint goin' to lose
None of his children.
De black and de white
Is de Lord's children.
He is de father and dey is de children.
He won't lose none, not one—
Not one."

The swaying, swinging, sweating echelon
Booms a deep chorus:

"Look out for stones.
When you done strike it dat's too late,—
Look out for stones,
Look out for stones—
And de Lord God Almighty, at de Golden Gate,
Ah-Ha—
My Jane.

Ah-Ha—
My Jane.
Swing your cradle for de boss won't wait.
Ah-Ha—
Oho—
My Jane."

Emmanuel chants in mellow baritone,
His cradle for a baton, the steady sweep
Long—easy—slow:

"Goodbye, Mistah Wheatfield,
O goodbye.
We's bit you a good bite
And you got to die.
Dere's de big oak a-waitin'
And de water keg
In de shade,

In de shade
Keepin' cool—
Keepin' cool
In de grass—
In de leaves.
Once round de field
And we take a drink
In de shade of de oak,
Gittin' cool,
Gittin' cool.
In de shade.
De sweat is running
Down into our eyes
Let 'er go—
Let 'er go—
De sweat of de just
Is de fat of de land.
Swing 'er low.
Swing 'er slow,
Goodbye, Mistah Wheatfield, O goodbye."

And the whole phalanx chants and groans
And sways as one linked black leviathan:

"Ah-ha—
Swing your cradle, brother, like you was a man
A man—
Swing your cradle like it was a tune,
Swing your cradle like a man—a man
Des wait till noon—
Ah-ha—O Lord—
Here we stand
O Lord—
Bless de field,
Bless de yield,
Bless dis band —
O Lord—

Don't wait till noon."

Again black Hercules of glistening skin:

"De moon is a-comin' up tonight,
It surely is—
Big and round and shining bright,
It surely is—
It is watchin' like a God-Almighty's eye
As it go a-sailin' thro' de sky,
It surely is—
O I'm goin' down de sassafras lane,
By de light of de moon to meet my Jane,
I surely is—
I surely is."

The chorus groans in richest organ notes,
As step by step it strikes the golden field:

"Swing 'er low—
Swing 'er slow,
Down de sassafras lane
By de light of de moon . . .
Swing your cradle like it was a tune,
Swing your lady like you was a man,
Don't wait till noon."

The sway and swing and hiss of cutting blades,
And then:

"De sun is grinning up in de sky—
And dis wheat field must surely die
Ah-ha—
Oh-ho—
I see a keg grinnin' in de hiding grass
Keeping cool—
In de leaves—

In de shade—
Vinegar and molasses and sassafras bark,
Water from de spring shinin' in de dark,
Where de grass grow rank and de bullfrogs sing—
De shinin' spring.
Keepin' cool for me
Till we rest in de shade of de big oak tree,
And de Lord give us rest in eternity,
Ah-ha—
Bless de Lord."

Laughter and babel as they fling themselves
Upon the grass in the wide oak's trembling shade;
Cradles are hung on low drooped limbs,
And tossing off the wide brimmed rye-straw hats
All drink from yellow gourds.

—*Charles Erskine Scott Wood.*

Red Loves Kit

I

YOUR yes her no, your no her yes. The words
Make little difference, for being wrong
And wronging her, if only as she thinks,
You never can be right. You are the man.
You brought the incredible calm in ecstasy,
Which, like a virgin visionary spent
In this spent world, she must possess. The gift
Came not from you. Shall the world be spent again,
Wasted in what would be an ultimate waste,
A deprivation muffled in eclipse,
The final theft? That you are innocent
And love her still, still leaves you in the wrong.
Where is that calm and where that ecstasy?
Her words accuse you of adulteries
That sack the sun, though metaphysical.

II

A beautiful thing, milord, is beautiful
Not only in itself but in the things
Around it. Thus it has a large expanse,
As the moon has in its moonlight, worlds away,
As the sea has in its coastal clamorings.
So she, when in her mystic aureole
She walks, triumphing humbly, should express
Her beauty in your love. She should reflect
Her glory in your passion and be proud.
Her music should repeat itself in you,
Impelled by a compulsive harmony.
Milord, I ask you, though you will to sing,
Does she will to be proud? True, you may love
And she have beauty of a kind, but such
Unhappy love reveals vast blemishes.

III

Rest, crows, upon the edges of the moon,
Cover the golden altar deepest black,
Fly upward thick in numbers, fly across
The blueness of the half-night, fill the air
And darken it, make an unbroken mat
Out of the whirl and denseness of your wings,
Spread over heaven shutting out the light.
Then turn your heads and let your spiral eyes
Look backward. Let your swiftly-flying flocks
Look suddenly downward with their shining eyes
And move the night by their intelligent motes.
Make a sidereal splendor as you fly.
And you, good galliard, to enchant black thoughts
Beseech them for an overwhelming gloom.
It will be fecund in rapt curios.

—*Wallace Stevens*

Ironical Piece

NUNS kneel down in candle-light;
And fools make songs and laces;
And women walk the streets at night;
And clowns flash grinning faces.

Men drink until the bottles pale,
Or wander in the rain;
Men play until the cards wear soft,
Dream madly with cocaine.

All breathing men escape from life—
Fugitives from its sadness—
To the blood of grapes, the house of God,
To music or to madness.

Except the ones whose step is slow;
They stumble and are caught;
They rope their necks to roof or beam
And let the rope pull taut.

The Cool Hand

ALL those loved by me for mouth or mind,
All things dear to me for leaves or fruits
Will be touched by what is cool and kind—
Final flowers will be dark as roots.

Pliant bodies pricked by pointed flame,
Careless bodies swirled like windy sand
Will be cooled and stilled into a name,
Moulded into meaning by a hand.

Foresters

THROUGH drifts of leaves and strings of vines
And wide, brown trunks and mire,
Through cold and rain and weariness
They cut their way to fire.

They blow the flame until the fume
Unwinds above the boughs
To hearten those who walk the earth
Weary behind their ploughs.

—*Marie Luhrs.*

Illusion

He found a gay glint in reality
That challenged all his dreams with the precise
And unintelligible clarity of ice.
He chose the hard as his morality
To prove that all of conquest comes to be
That iron glory which is without price.
Of wonder he had never pondered twice
For once had lost him his equality.

Time watched him play the elemental game
Building a palace that would drink the sun,
As dreamless, as lethargic, and as vain
As any phantom that a wand had won,
And when at last the laboring was done
Its shadow cast oblivion on his name.

—*Paul Sandoz.*

To My Lady the Universe

O MY sweet scrawny Universe,
How is it, dear old hag, that we,
Betrothed before I was born, rehearse
Our stale wedding incessantly?

Had I but stopped you before you could steal
Into the bed where I was born,
I might have saved us, love, a deal
Of mutual good-humored scorn.

—*R. L. Burgess*

The Ficke Wing

Out of Silence, and Other Poems, by Arthur Davison Ficke. Knopf.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE maintains, by his new book, *Out of Silence,* the high and peculiar place he holds in American poetry. That place was gained originally with the *Sonnets of a Portrait-Painter* at a time when the renaissance of American poetry had just begun under the auspices, as it were, of the rebel painters whose work was exhibited in the Armory Show. It was a time, accordingly, when all old forms seemed dead, and it seemed almost a daring anachronism to revive the Sonnet and make it the vehicle for the expression of the troubled sincerities of modern life! Since then much water has flowed under the bridge, and the Sonnet today seems far less "artificial" than free-verse. That this is so is in some part due to the magnificent proof of the Sonnet's vitality offered by the *Portrait-Painter* series; and it served as a direct influence upon the choice of that form by a younger poet, Edna St. Vincent Millay, who has completed the rehabilitation of that once-despised trifle! In ten years' time, moreover, some of the dogmatism that afflicted the beginnings of our American poetic renaissance has perished: we no longer hold it a poetic merit to talk about machinery in verse, or a sign of counter-revolutionary tendencies to refer to Helen of Troy; and Mr. Ficke's poems, because

they concern themselves with the essential emotions and not the outward circumstances of our lives, now seem to us all the truer. Mr. Ficke has been in the best sense a conservative force in our poetry; and at the same time he has been one of our most original experimenters—the daring of these experiments being the less apparent merely because they have been so successful. The present volume, in individual sonnets and lyrics, reaches and even surpasses his former achievements; he has done nothing finer, I think, than *Sea-Midnight*. But the volume lacks his characteristic unity of mood, and furnishes us no such long and highly integrated successions of poems as are to be found in his other volumes. It represents, indeed, so many different and inconsistent moods as to constitute rather a beautiful poetic scrapbook than anything else. But in this variety of moods there can be distinguished one wholly new to this poet, which appears to mark the close of one period and the beginning of a new one—a happier period, less troubled and less passionate, but more lyrical. If it is, as Bertrand Russell has assured us, "only upon the firm foundation of unyielding despair that the soul's habitation can henceforth be securely built," then we may agree that the modern poets, Mr. Ficke among them, have laid that foundation well, and may now proceed to fashion the upper chambers of the soul's habitation: and I shall be much interested to see what the Arthur Davison Ficke wing of this mansion will be like.

—*Floyd Dell.*

After Disillusion

After Disillusion, by Robert L. Wolf. Seltzer.

AFTER DISILLUSION is an apt and significant title. The dreary limitation of much serious contemporary art in America is that the title would not fit: ours is art *during* disillusion. Where is the innocent happy paganism — the child who follows the lion in Nietzsche's parable? Imagine one of the New Realists a happy child! From that dull mob-Jeremiah, Masters, up to the heights with Zarathustra's Ape, H. L. Mencken, where will you find a pagan of the

quality of Heine? They are querulous sad minds—beside whom old Jonathan Edwards is a happy child picking daisies. What we need in American art is a gay pessimism. What we *have* is a sort of new Calvinism.

The present author has had his spiritual colic, and recovered. And now he proceeds, with the serene wisdom of a lilac-bush or an earthworm, to find life good. Most of our artists have gone beyond Good, but they linger accusingly in the sad kingdom of Evil. Why not innocently experience the world, and give the result with a zest too large for querulous malaise?

Such is Wolf in this unusual first volume. Take, for example, that fine lyric—one of the truly lovely poems in the book—the simple delicate picture of *Eve:*

Among the silver cornstalks
  And lantern-hanging pears
She walked, as one in dreams walks—
  In prim and virgin prayers.

The straightness of her bosom
  White fichus scarcely hid:
She bit a brown-edged blossom
  And wondered wny she did.

down to the vigorous close, with love as a rich, triumphant, natural experience:

Till there, where fruit was wanted—
  Where rivers run to rest—
He ploughed, all glowing, and planted
  The apples of her breast.

And what variety in the volume! Not only such haunting loveliness, but the humor of the humbled lover, as in the *Song of Solomon Jones:*

My love is like a milk-white mare—
  Beside my cheek her head—
But when I gripped her mane to mount,
  She tossed her neck and fled.

My love is like a silver fish
  That slipped through reeds and swam:
There, by that weed, is where she was.
  Where I was, here I am.

And then, too, the soft ironic disguised eroticism of *A Pagan Reinvokes the Twenty-third Psalm* (seemingly a recantation, and as such

solemnly acclaimed by the "turkey-cocks of God"!) There are sugared moods, also, like *Endless Honeymoon.* There are moods of love's loneliness and comradeship,—moods that make some of the finest poems—*Her Freedom,* and that tremendous sonnet *To the Mother of my Child,* like a vast tide sinking smooth and still and majestic down the "naked shingles of the world," under a far, gray-sombre sky.

One finds slight blemishes, of course. I almost wish there were not such a large proportion of sonnets; Wolf uses the form deftly, and evidently loves it; but it would not be treachery to the sonnet to give us another *Eve.* And some of those lusciously erotic sonnets seem flowers of gorgeous colored paper dipped in honey to deceive the bees. Wolf is at his best not when the senses move in a rich dim world of feeling, but when senses and mind move together—the mind controlling and strengthening the emotions.

The book is a joy. We do not ask for bread and receive a Japanese hokku, or loose optimistic boosting of middle-western mills. The book is personal: "cut it, and it would bleed." It is "hard and clear" without being the archaic exercise of a passionless professor with a taste for chaste words and the unhappy delusion that he is the Jesus Christ of poetry. It is not lifelessly objective: it is frankly subjective—which is its beauty and its value. It is subtle enough to be simple; revolutionary enough to be natural. It is a symbol that poetry has been hitched to new stars. And be that as it may, here is a volume that is poetry in its own right.

As a happy traveller myself, I can do no better that advise others to enter a land flowing with milk and honey—the land of *After Disillusion.*

—*E. Merrill Root.*

The Glorious Age of Indiscretion

The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems, by Nathalia Crane. Seltzer.

YOUTH has always thought its long, long thoughts and dreamed its strange and fascinating dreams, but seldom has it been gifted

with the power to put those beautiful fantasies into articulate form for the gratification of weary, disillusioned age. Today we are blessed with this miracle—let us not pass it over lightly.

Somewhere in the complex civilization that is Flatbush a little girl has seen the beauty in rusty old tin cans, has realized the tragedy of a sculptured figure and understood the pathos of forgotten dinosaurs. Being young, and, therefore, brave, she has put her feelings into song and dared to let the world hear her singing.

And what has the world done about her? Perhaps it was taken too much by surprise, or, more likely, it was too sodden with rheumatic precedent. Anyway, it did the usual thing and, swooping pompously upon this delightful phenomenon, swiftly pigeon-holed it into its proper place in the smoothly running cogs of standardization. For if age could not explain youth to its own satisfaction it might lose its thriftily acquired self-esteem—and then where would it be! So we are told that "Dr. Frank Crane, the eminent writer—is not a distant kinsman" of Nathalia Crane. (An ambiguity, by the way, of which Nathalia herself would never be guilty.) And it is pointed out for the comfort of cataloguing senility that her granduncle aided the Empress Eugenie in her escape from the French capital. Is it any wonder Nathalia Crane writes beautiful poetry! It is also suggested that "Wordsworth doubtless would have rejoiced in a ten-year-old poet like Nathalia Crane of Brooklyn"—while no one troubles to discover whether or not she returns the compliment. Thus the world is made cognizant of a precocious child who shows great promise of being older sometime, and complacent grown-ups settle back into their dull security, relieved that the worthy confines of normality have not been broken.

But Nathalia Crane does not need to wait for the promised future in order to be a poet—she is that already. Moreover, it is almost certain that if she had waited until maturity before she wrote her verses the world would have missed some beautiful lines and humorous philosophies in which it may now take great delight—unless it is too patronizing to appreciate them. Surely, no adult could ever have written:

> We could have done some wondrous things if time were not so slow.

Age does not risk its few remaining years in perilous flight—it

is wary lest it be made to endure again some old remembered pain—it is fretful lest it be ridiculed. While, undaunted by worldly-wise misgivings, youth hangs its future on a parachute and sails laughing on the unchartered winds of ecstacy.

Doubtless, the name of her book was chosen in view of its selling possibilities. It does not do justice to Nathalia's genius. *The Janitor's Boy* is delightful but it is by no means representative of her poetry. The aged may read that poem and still retain their placid self-assurance, but condescending smirks will soon be swept aside by such beauty as:

> And the touch of absent-mindedness is more than any line,
> Since direction counts as nothing when the gods set up a sign.
>
> There he sits in sweet perfection that the chisel did unveil,
>
> There was a man who made a map
> Of all you see at night;
>
> Oh night, thy soothing prophecies companion all our ways,
> Until releasing hands let fall the catalogue of days.

Might not A. E. Housman have written the lines:

> The pigeons perch on Trinity,
> From cowls of saints they croon?

And who has shown greater wisdom than to call our Mother Eve, "Seeress and siren and saint"?

Where in *The Ancient Mariner* is there a more blood-curdling image of the uncertainty of slime than Nathalia gives us in this one line on prehistoric happenings:

> When lo! He saw a fishy thing, a-squirming in the mud.

It took H. G. Wells a number of paragraphs to draw such an impressive picture of those gigantic crabs that crawled upon that vast and distant shore in *The Time Machine.*

And if anything can make our foraging vice-crusaders blush with shame her poem *The Vestal* should be able to accomplish that difficult feat:

> Dormant and disdainful,
> Never could she see
> Why the golden powder
> Decorates the bee;

Why a summer pasture
Lends itself to paint;
Why love unappareled
Still remains the saint.

It is impossible to do justice to Nathalia Crane in any other way than by reading her book—and then reading it over again. It cannot all be quoted in a review. But these passages from *The Dinosaur's Eggs* will give some impression of her greatness:

The one-time myths in miniature,
The seeds that turned to stone,
The mirage of forgotten things
Upon the sands were strown.

The does a-down the centuries
Soft-nosed each little fawn;
The robin's breast was o'er her brood,
All gentle things were born.

But in the Gobi solitudes,
The tombs time left unlatched—
There lay in wind-blown shrouds of sand
The eggs that never hatched.

Nathalia is that unique combination—an idealist as well as a realist. She knows the actuality of "that lovely cellar floor" and admits quite frankly that she and Roger Jones "have notions that the motions of a lugger 'neath a tree, do not exactly tally with the leagues she makes at sea." She refuses to go back and pay the "scrumtious" drug clerk because she "could not stain romance with monetary fee." For Nathalia is very wise—she can see things as they are and still enjoy them as they should be. May she never grow up to the tragic sophistication of being unable to do so.

It is not necessary for me or anyone else to smooth the rocky road between Nathalia and the aged wiseacres—she herself has her answer ready for them. So age, with nothing but used years to honor it, shakes a palsied finger at the sparkling eyes of youth, saying, "If you'll only live long enough you may yet be like me!" And youth, secure in its glorious supremacy, makes kindly answer: "Yes, that is so. I'm sorry I wasn't born sooner, but it really wasn't my fault, you know,"—and then goes laughing on its way, joyous in its ignorance of years.

—Kathleen Millay.

CONTRIBUTORS

Charles Erskine Scott Wood is to our mind the only living poet whose personality has kinship with the grand manner and fluid simplicity of Whitman and Mark Twain—(who was, by the way, one of Mr. Wood's boyhood friends). Indeed, this poet is undoubtedly the last pioneer-aristocrat of letters. Certain critics call him the "Frost of the West," to signify that he has done for the cowboy and the rancher what the New England poet has accomplished for the small farmer. Son of the Surgeon General of the United States Army, a graduate of West Point, engaged as a young officer in the long campaign against Chief Joseph and his Indians in the Northwest, Mr. Wood later retired and became perhaps the most brilliant lawyer on the Pacific Coast, living in Portland and San Francisco.

Cradling Wheat should be read with the rhythmic sweep and halt of the old cradle motion. It is not likely that any of our readers will remember this slow and beautiful manner of harvesting. But the rhythm is here embodied.

Marie Luhrs, whose poems emerged from a mountain of manuscript to our great delight one warm summer morning, will re-enter Barnard this fall after a year with Scribner's.

Wallace Stevens, who writes perhaps the most exquisitely musical line in contemporary poetry, lives in the insurance town of Hartford, Connecticut. His single book is *Harmonium,* published by Knopf.

Of Paul Sandoz, we only know that he lives in Allison Park, Pennsylvania.

R. L. Burgess is a frequent contributor to *Poetry* and *Contemporary Verse.* He edits a newspaper in California.

Kathleen Millay took the leading part for a time this summer in a play written by her husband, Howard Young. We discover that Miss Millay has just completed a novel.

E. Merrill Root is the author of *Monkeys,* published in the July *Measure,* one of the finest poems of its kind we ever laid eyes on.

Floyd Dell requires no introduction as a novelist and critic. It is perhaps less well known that Mr. Dell has a flourishing underground reputation as a discoverer and appreciator of numbers of poets, young and old. We venture to predict that in a poetry-quoting contest, he could hold the floor against all comers.

With the next number of the *Measure,* Joseph Auslander succeeds Genevieve Taggard as acting editor, for the fall term.

The Measure

A Journal of Poetry

ACTIVE EDITORIAL BOARD

Kenneth Slade Alling	Rolfe Humphries	Pitts Sanborn
Joseph Auslander	Louise Townsend Nicholl	Genevieve Taggard
Padraic Colum	George O'Neil	Elinor Wylie

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Hervey Allen, Maxwell Anderson, and Frank Ernest Hill

Publication Office at Cornwall, N. Y.

Editorial Office at 449 West Twenty-second Street, New York City

Subscription $2.50 a year *Single Copies 25 cents*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE MEASURE, A JOURNAL OF POETRY, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1924.

State of New Jersey, } ss.
County of Union, }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louise Townsend Nicholl, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes, and says that she is the business manager of The Measure, A Journal of Poetry, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publishers—Kenneth Slade Alling, Joseph Auslander, Padraic Colum, Louise Townsend Nicholl, George O'Neil, Pitts Sanborn, Genevieve Taggard, Rolfe Humphries, Elinor Wylie, 449 West 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Editors—Kenneth Slade Alling, Joseph Auslander, Padraic Colum, Louise Townsend Nicholl, George O'Neil, Pitts Sanborn, Genevieve Taggard, Rolfe Humphries, Elinor Wylie, 449 West 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Managers—Louise Townsend Nicholl and Frances C. L. Robbins, 449 West 22nd Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: Kenneth Slade Alling, Joseph Auslander, Padraic Colum, Louise Townsend Nicholl, George O'Neil, Pitts Sanborn, Genevieve Taggard, Rolfe Humphries, Elinor Wylie, all of 449 West 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding I per cent, or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of July, 1924.

T. J. NICHOLL, Notary Public.

(My commission expires April, 1928).